

THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
JAMES L. W. ELLIS,
[To whom all communications on business must be
addressed, pre-paid.]

TERMS.
Per annum, in advance, : : : \$2 00
In six months, : : : : : 2 50
Three copies, in advance, : : : 5 00

TO CLUBS

Of 10 of the HERALD will be.....\$1 50 per copy
of 20.....".....\$1 25 ".....
of 30.....".....\$1 00 "

The money must always accompany the
names of Club subscribers.

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One Square, ten lines or less, first insertion,.....	\$0 75
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One square three months,.....	0 50
" twelve ".....	1 00
Half column, one insertion,.....	0 50
Half " one year,.....	2 00
One column, one insertion,.....	0 90
One column, per annum,.....	3 50

Transient Advertisers will be required to pay in advance. When an Advertisement is handed in the number of times it is to be inserted must be stated, it is not stated it will remain in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Those who advertise for six months or one year have the privilege of changing and renewing no exceeding once every three weeks.

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Amusing Story.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

[The following capital story is from the pen of our accomplished townsmen, CHARLES A. DAVIS. It was written for, and published in, the Knickerbocker—Home Journal.

It is now very generally conceded, that of all the inventions of man, none holds any comparison with the steam-boat. The mind can scarcely combine a calculation which may measure its importance. Some vague estimate may indeed be formed of it, by imagining what would be the state and condition of the world, at the present day, were there no steamboats; we were still to find ourselves on board sloops, making an average passage of a week to Albany, exposed to all the disasters of flaws from the "downsomer," and discomfiture of close cabinings; or ascending the Mississippi in a keel-boat, pushed every inch of the way, against its mighty current, by long poles, at the rate of "fourteen miles in sixteen hours."

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But, as before hinted, it is not my design to furnish a conclusive history of the origin of steamboats. My text stands at the head of this article; and I purpose here to record, for the infor-

THE BARDSTOWN HERALD.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

JAMES D. NOURSE,
EDITOR.

JAS. L. W. ELLIS,
PUBLISHER.

VOL. 2.

BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 25, 1852.

NO. 45.

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mation of all future time, a faithful history of "THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE."

I am determined, at least, that that branch of the great steam family shall know its true origin.

In the year 1805, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river with passengers.—Among the voyagers, was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin and wire; but his greatest success lay in wire-work, especially in making "rat-traps;" and for his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work, he was then on a journey through the State of New-York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called "county rights;" or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats, according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious; as most ingenious things are, after they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he sooner touched, than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire, which instantly re-set the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full.—Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, ad infinitum. And now that the recollection of that wonderful trap is recalled to my memory, I would respectfully recommend it to the attention of the treasury department, as an appendage to the sub-treasury system. The "specification" may be found on file in the patent-office, number eleven thousand seven hundred and forty-six.

This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery.—To me, the steam-engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, insomuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why, you needn't snap off so tardy short," said Jabez; "a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as high as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land one of these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine-room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you think of this mighty machine?" "Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got piled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a little notion on't; and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he "then and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a wagon go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, trusting too far to an ungrateful world; and not the descendants of either may (if they pay their passage) in due time, to bequeath them the spirit of their ancestors I am secured to the age.

But I have thought nothing of the appearance but for the alarm of my hosts. It was like an arrow that flew straight and true.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.

"But," I replied, "it don't move."

"You mean," said he, "the travelling wheels don't move; well, I don't mean they shall, till I get my patent. You see," he added, crouching down, "that trunnion-head, there—that small cog-wheel? Well, that's out of gear just yet; when I turn that into gear, by this crank, it fits you, on the main travelling wheel, and then the hull scrap will move, as high as I can calculate, a little slower than chain lightning", and a darn'd little too! But it won't do to give it a try, afore I get the patent.—There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I hasn't contrived—but that is a simple matter—and that is the shortest mode of stoppin' her. My first notion is, to see how fast I can make her work, without smashing all to bits, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he didn't make a wagon go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, trusting too far to an ungrateful world; and not the descendants of either may (if they pay their passage) in due time, to bequeath them the spirit of their ancestors I am secured to the age.

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MEXICO.

This ill-fated country seems to be approaching the last stage of disorganization. The treasury is bankrupt, the Central Government is utterly impotent for good or evil; every Province almost has its separate insurrection according to binds of plunderers and assassins full license and impunity; French fleets are hovering on its coast to enforce the payment of debts due and acknowledged by the former Mexican Governments; England doubtless will also put in her claims, and will the United States look on and see the powers of Europe make themselves the executors and residuary legatees of a deceased Republic on her own borders? The eagles are beginning to gather around the carcass before life is actually extinct, and we think it likely the American eagle will not be absent from the final banquet. He has had his eye fixed for some time upon the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the Peninsula of California and the country west of the Rio Grande. If Mexico cannot maintain herself as an independent power and we can see no hope for her to do so, the United States will not permit any European power to obtain a foothold in her territory, or we much mistake the temper of our countrymen. It is a great and difficult problem which will probably soon claim a solution at the hands of our government.

Professor Dickey.

On Tuesday night last we had the pleasure of listening to the introductory lecture of a series on science and art by this gentleman. Although the Professor was laboring under a severe indisposition, we soon perceived he was well posted on his subjects. He is a fluent speaker,—easy, plain and entertaining in his illustrations. Those who would like to spend several evenings pleasantly and in the acquisition of knowledge would do themselves a favor by going to hear Prof. Dickey on these most interesting and useful subjects.

It is said that Louis Napoleon has transmitted orders to the French vessels of war in the neighborhood of Cuba to hold themselves subject to the orders of the Spanish Captain General. This confirms what was lately stated by the London Times, that France would join with Spain in resisting any attempt of the American people upon the island of Cuba. If we are not greatly mistaken surging times are approaching and the new administration will have its hands full.

From the fact that three British vessels of war have arrived in the harbor of Havana, about the same time that the news has reached us of an arrangement between France and Spain by which French vessels in the West Indian seas are to be subject to the orders of the Captain General of Cuba, it is supposed that England and France are determined jointly to protect Spain in the possession of Cuba against the American filibusters. It is conjectured, however, by others that the object of the British may be merely to capture certain vessels engaged in carrying on the slave trade between Africa and Cuba. We shall see.

The autocrat of all the Russias has appointed a Consul General at the Sandwich Islands, for the purpose it is believed of watching the Americans, with a view to checking our progress on the Pacific. The portents of a struggle between this republic and the great powers of Europe are thickening. Russia has possessions in North America which approach very near our north-western boundary.

An election was held last Saturday, the 20th, in the Louisville District, for a member of Congress, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Humphrey Marshall. Col. Wm. Preston, the Whig candidate was elected over Mr. CULVIN SANDERS, the nominee of the Democratic convention, by a majority of about 1700. This is a great triumph for Col. Preston, who, we venture to predict, is destined to be prominent in the politics of this country.

Can it be done?

The London Athenaeum seems to think not, and presents the following catalogue of obstacles:

Is it possible to connect the New World with the Old by means of a magnetic wire? This question is now occupying many minds in Paris, London, and New York. Every fresh experiment in the submersion of telegraphic cables seems to strengthen the hope that in time science will be able to put a belt beneath the sea, as well as a girdle round about the earth. But the obstacles are great, if not insurmountable. Fifty or a hundred miles of tubing, lying on the ocean bed, is a manageable amount of wires, easy to pay out at first, and possible to raise, examine and repair in case of accidents. But a cable three thousand miles long is another matter. True, there are certain points on the track between the two continents where it would be possible to fix the wires—for instance, the Three Chimneys and Jacquet's Island. But the first of these projecting rocks is two thousand miles from London—only five hundred of which could be saved by making one of the westernmost parts of Kerry or Connemara the point of departure. Even supposing the wires were sunk off Dunmore Head, there would be three vast sea spaces, varying from nearly a thousand to fifteen hundred miles each, to cross; seas of unknown depth—the plumb having been let out five miles without reaching sounding—and of varied character. In some places it is known that the sea valleys vary from half a mile to two miles of hollow; and many of the ridges consist of hard, water-worn and sharp pointed rocks, which, in a violent sea, it may be feared, would be likely to abrade and sever the metallic cable. Immense spaces of the Atlantic bed are covered with gigantic sea weeds, of unknown strength and thickness; and it is imagined that the lightning wires, once imbedded in a thousand miles of these tempestuous plants, could not be again raised for any purpose. How far these impediments may be surmounted, it is for science to decide—but in the meantime a project has been started which has for its object to avoid them altogether. This is to be done by changing the route, and making the journey as much as possible overland.—Starting from the most northern part of the main land of Scotland, it is proposed to throw an electric wire to Orkney, Shetland, and the Faroe Islands—to carry it thence to Iceland and the east coast of Greenland—thence onward to a point on Davis's Straits, near the Arctic Circle—and so to Cape Walshington. Another submarine wire would then carry the lines across Hudson's Straits to Upper Canada. Though the distance by this route would be much greater than through the Atlantic Ocean, the submerged wires would be about five hundred miles shorter. The number of stations by the island route would be far greater—and the wire would have to pass through the territories of a third power—Denmark, and over immense tracts of uninhabited and unexplored country."

[For all that, we think it will be done; and by this generation, too!]—Home Journal.

Gen. Pierce—The Flibusters—Gen. Scott—Post-Office Decision.

Correspondence of the N.Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Nov. 11, 1852.

An intimate personal friend of Gen. Pierce, who came recently from Boston, says the President elect will not entertain the subject of the distribution of spots even with his particular friends—that he has not made up his mind at all what course of policy he shall pursue, and has not and will not make any indication thereof for the present. Meantime the Flibusters are making ready for a descent on Cuba as soon as the present administration goes out. They expect Douglas to take the department of State, and to do the Diplomatic Engineering for them here. One thing is quite certain; they have plenty of money and a sufficiency of men and muskets.—They have reliable information from the Island, and 800 men—Cuban Refugees—for pilots, who know respectively every part of the coveted country intimately. They had better not fall into the hands of the present. The statement that Gen. Scott attributed his defeat to *The Herald* was so grossly absurd as to excite no notice here. It was only intended by the ex-Senatorial correspondent of that paper to lift it out of the mire and fit into decent association. Gen. Scott never reads it, and could not, if he wished, express the loathing which he feels for everything connected therewith. His proud form was never more erect, nor his eye brighter than it is to-day. He stands alone amid the wreck—grand and unconcerned like a light-house after a dreadful storm. His bosom has been tortured by the storms of war; his heart's blood has always been ready if his country's altar required the sacrifice, and he would to-morrow, if war should come, leave his fireside and his family, and, forgetting all the ingratitude he has received, lead the army, as of old, to victory. A truer, more patriotic heart than that bosom carries, never beat.

The Postmaster-General has decided that there is nothing either in the laws or regulations of the Post-Office Department, which prevents the sending of periodicals or papers to "actual and bona fide subscribers," by agents or dealers, the same as if they were mailed directly from the office of publication—all former decisions to the contrary notwithstanding. The first section of the new law embraces the case.

Yours, KORNÉR.

The vote in this State is as follows: Scott 56,711; and Pierce 53,361. Scott's majority is 3,347.

THE VOTE OF 1851-'52.

Our readers will find below the official vote for Governor in 1851, and we will give the vote for President [official] as fast they reach us.

—1851—1852—

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Ballard, 269	340	260	328
Caldwell, 670	819	731	874
Calloway, 205	713	189	815
Critt'd'n, 393	425	396	486
Fulton, 157	261	152	233
Graves, 468	945	443	971
Hopkins, 678	803	737	809
Hickman, 134	358	155	379
Livingston 241	313	312	257
Marshall, 173	571	132	627
M'Cracken 409	373	285	416
Trigg, 525	580	560	629
Union, 486	622	499	612
Total, 4,881	6,983	4,954	7,436

Second District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
B'r'kridge, 772	458	842	440
Butler, 255	239	312	269
Christian, 926	822	714	546
Davies, 822	816	1027	711
Ed'm'nd'sn, 155	204	208	218
Grayson, 392	434	423	394
Hancock, 275	213	249	205
Henderson, 597	698	616	635
Meade, 545	224	618	230
M'lb'rg'tg 638	577	814	553
Ohio, 553	635	645	579
Total, 5,914	5,451	6,508	4,780

Third District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Allen, 334	528	280	454
Barren, 1217	1075	1119	967
Logan, 1184	388	1296	354
Monroe, 357	407	377	330
Simpson, 350	401	389	380
Todd, 609	431	552	422
Warren, 1079	671	982	600
Total, 5,888	4,553	4,995	3,557

Fourth District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Adair, 375	503	382	531
Boyle, 548	308	603	323
Casey, 368	246	474	230
Clinion, 173	295	276	318
C'nb'r'l'and, 428	193	501	157
Green, 409	434	422	487
Lincoln, 576	314	674	338
Plaski, 662	701	700	609
Russell, 404	182	437	195
Taylor, 254	442	268	524
Wayne, 513	435	463	342
Total, 4,493	4,138	5,200	4,054

Fifth District.

Dixon.	Powell.	Scott.	Pierce.
Anderdon, 282	641	292	606
Bullitt, 325	454	403	446
Hardin, 846	617	1007	619
Larue, 368	363	417	348
Marion, 680	750	782	763
Mercer, 490	966	594	914
Nelson, 857	509	958	487
Spencer, 335	346	331	310
W'shng'tn 587	705	442	407
Total, 4,737	5,353	5,226	4,930

Sixth District.

THE HERALD.

THURSDAY, - - NOVEMBER 25.

In about eight weeks the second volume of the *The Bardstown Herald* will expire. We hope to be able to have our subscription list considerably increased to commence the next volume. Let the citizens of this county remember that they do not have to pay any postage on the *Herald* in the country, and that they can get it, by forming clubs, for one dollar and fifty cents.

City Merchants and business men generally will find it to their advantage to make *The Bardstown Herald* the medium of communicating with the business men in this and the adjoining counties, as it now has an extensive and increasing circulation.

Those who wish to supply themselves with *Osage Orange Plants*, can learn where several thousand are for sale by calling at this office.

Letters of Recommendation.

When Dr. FRANKLIN was Minister of the United States, in France, he was often importuned by persons unknown to him to give them letters of recommendation. For cases of this kind, and when it was impossible to refuse, he prepared the following model, and in some instances actually employed it to shame persons making such indiscreet applications :

PARIS, April —, 1777.

"Sir.—The bearer, going to the United States, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, although I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another equally so to recommend him, and sometimes they recommend one another. As to this gentlemen, I must refer you to himself for his character and morals, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger, of whom we know no harm, has a right to; and I request you will do him all the good offices, and show him all the favor that, on further acquaintance, you shall find he deserves.

B. FRANKLIN.

The Inexhaustible Bottle Trick Explained.

Some of the illusions performed at the theaters are of a very complicated character, and more than one ruse has to be contrived to mislead, or rather to lead, the audience to think differently to what they intend. Tricks within tricks, "veils within veils," as the shrewd Sam Weller says, are worked to render perfect one deception, and thus it is with the bottle trick. "Wherever does it come from?" says Mrs. Partington. My dear madam, that's where it is; you are deceived in the least deceptive part of the trick. There is good deal of deception, certainly, but not more than half of what you fancy. In the first place, there are the wine glasses; supposing them to be filled, they will not contain more than one-quarter of the quantity of the usual glass; they are, in fact, what I heard Mrs. Thingamy (our charwoman) say they were, regular "eight-outs," that is, a quart, or gill, will fill eight of such glasses. Let me see, a wine bottle holds nearly eight quarts; eight times eight (for such are the glasses used at the theater) are sixty-four. No wonder poor Mrs. P. should say, "Where does it all come from?" when she sees five dozen and four glasses filled from one bottle; no wonder that the bottle is christened "Inexhaustible."—Secondly, suppose I have a bottle to hold a quarter more than an ordinary bottle, by having it made a trifle larger in diameter, and doing away with the false bottom which exists in all common bottles, why then I could convince it to hold no less than eighty of the wizard's "bumpers!" Fancy a conjurer having what a wine-merchant has—not—an honest bottle. You won't believe it; well, then, here you are deceived again, for it is an honest bottle that is used. Now for the trick. An empty bottle is brought forward (*the bottle*); it is washed out before the company, and drained, to show that it is both clean and empty; but it wants wiping (of course), after being wetted. So a napkin is handed to the *magician*, with which he wipes the bottle, as much after the fashion of a waiter as he can; but in this clumsy kind of napkin is concealed a weak preparation of spirits of wine, sugar and water, in a bladder; and thus, in the face of the audience, he fills the bottle without their knowing it. Now, to account for the different liquors. This part of the illusion is thus managed. The glasses are arranged on the tray, in definite manner, known to the operator; into each glass one drop of various flavoring essences are placed, such as essence of noyau, essence of brandy, essences of port or sherry, wine, lemonade, peppermint, cloves, pine apple, pears, &c.; these being filled up with the spirits of wine, according to what is called for by the audience, completes the illusion of the inexhaustible bottle. And if still more be required, the operator may have concealed in his sleeve a bladder of liquid, as easily as a bagpipe-player can blow away a bag of wind. This trick is also performed with a bottle having four interior divisions, each containing a different liquor.

"It is a great pity that you come dangling at my heels, Mr. Nonentity," said a consequential lady, to her sentimental admirer; "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Most amiable of your sex," said he, "so flattery a compliment, let me remind you that you occupy it entirely."

For the Western Recorder.

THE CREATION.

Mysterious darkness reigned supreme, and space was its abode. For naught as yet had been, save eternity and God. Creation was not, yet it seemed in embryo to sleep. As His own spirit moved upon the waters of the deep:

For at the fiat of His will, behold, a Lion had birth, Although in solitude it breamed upon a simple earth.

Yet from this rude unshaded mass, by His all-potent arm,

The world was gathered to themselves, and earth received her form.

The mountains were upon their heads a coronet of green.

And from his orient home, the Sun gazed at this glorious scene.

Thumping brooks and rippling rills seemed dancing with delight.

Earth and seas, and skies appeared so beautiful, so bright.

And when the God of day went down, and Night her robes unfurled,

A death-like stillness hovered o'er the silent, sleeping world.

The moon in splendor saluted forth upon her gilded head.

The zephyrs stole among the trees, and woke wild music there,

While countless songs of countless birds were floating on the air.

Jehovah gazed on this sweet spot, and in his judgment wise.

Made it the home of God-like Man, and called it Paradise.

The sons of God then raised a shout, the stars together sang,

Till hill and dale, yes, earth itself in one wild anthem rang;

The angels, too, to greet the world, their flashing pinions spread,

And dropped the crown of innocence upon its infant head.

Then as the mighty work was done, and all in order stood,

God looked from his eternal throne, and "saw that it was good!"

Maysville, Ky., Oct. 30. MARY.

The Long Ago.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

You are far away, my Lida,
And the April breeze blows
Over the hills and the hollows,
Where we wandered long ago;
When the sunny hours of childhood
Swept like singing streams along,
And the valley and the woodland
Echoed to our merry song;
When we used to run bright races
With the sunshine on the hill—
O'er those old familiar places
Does the sunshine linger still?

You do ever think, my mignon,
Of that pleasant long ago;
Flitting like a fairy's pinion,
With its evanescent glow?
When our little hearts kept beating,
Still as a tuning music-chime,
Like a thrill of lightning passing
In some happy Eden-eldine,
And the thrill of gushing sadness,
Swinging up we knew not how,
Never lingered withught of sadness—
Does it thrill your bon-nor now?

You ever wander, sister,
By the lonely bush bank,
Where the crimsonilles cluster
'Mid the rushes and dank?
Where when'er we went a nutting
We would rest at even-fide,
On the rocky ledge jutting
From the holly side;
Robbins built beneath the arches,
And a blue-bird in a bough
Of the over-hanging larches—
Do you ever hear them now?

Can't you recall the legend olden
Of that shadow-haunted dell,
Where the sun-light, green and golden,
Ross fantastically fell?

And the ranges of "mousy mountains,"
Where sweet "Alainquida's bower,"
Rose beside the forest fountains,
Neath a jewel-dropping shower
Of hazel's pretty tassels,
And the maple's ruby sheen,
Which the winds, her fairy vassals,
Poured around the "Indian Queen."

Then the jolly rides of morning
With the pony sleek and old,
Ever down the winding road
On the upland bluffs and ridges,
And the search for sites and sites—
Wading in the crystal pools,

(Just the spot to suit our wishes.)
At the noon-tide clear and cool,
How the tiny hillocks tinkled
O'er the pebbles and the not,
And your little white feet twinkled—
O! I think I see them yet!

Yes, I see you often, Lida,
As you used to look when we
Dwelt at "Bonnie Allaqua."
With the bird and breeze and bee,
Laughing eyes of limpid azure
And the snowy baby brow,
Peeping from the gold embrasure
Of its eagle—I see it now!

Then I see the God had laid us
Down to slumber, and while
For his love would then have made us
Each his little angel-child!

ATTEMPT OF A FEMALE TO VOTE.—A female dressed in male attire presented herself on Tuesday, at the 4th Poll District of the XIXth Ward, and waited to deposit her vote. A bystander challenged her right to vote, when she declined to "kiss the book." The inspector, thinking her face rather smooth for a legal voter, and thinking it possible that she might be a female, requested her to take off her hat: She refused, alleging that she had a severe cold. A police officer, who was standing by, took the liberty of raising her hat, when her sex was at once discovered, and she left the poll amid the suppressed laughter of the bystanders.—*New York Tribune.*

MRS ADOLPHUS SMITH SPORTING THE BLUE STOCKING.—Well, I think I'll finish that story for the editor of the Dutchman. Let me see; where did I leave off? The setting sun was just gilding with his rays—Ma! I want some bread and molasses (yes dear,) gilding with his last rays the church spire—"Who's where's the sunny pants?" (*Under the bed, dear.*) the church spire of Inverness, when a—"There's nothing under the bed, but your lace cap."—(*Perhaps they are in the coal hole in the closet.*)—when a horseman was seen approaching—"Ma'am, the perturbations is out; not one to bill for dinner."—(Take some turpines,)—approaching, covered with dust and—"Wife, the baby has swallowed a button,"—(*Reverse him, dear—take him by the heels,*)—and waving in his hand a banner, on which was written—"Ma, I've torn my pantaloons—liberty or death!"—The inhabitants rushed en masse—"Wife, will you leave off scribbling?"—(Don't be disagreeable, Smith, I'm just getting inspired,)—to the public square, where De Bignis, who had been secretly

"Butcher wants to see you ma'am," Secretly informed of the traitors—"Forgot which you said ma'am sausages or mutton chop,"—movements, gave orders to fire; not less than twenty—"My gracious, Smith, you haven't been reversing that child all this time; he's as black as your coat—and that boy of yours has torn up the first sheet of my manuscript. There! it's no use for a married woman to cultivate her intellect. I must wait till I'm a widow. Smith hand me those twines.

[FANNY FERN.]

Song of the Decanter.

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was gaping wide; the rusty wine had ebbed away and left itscrys-tal-side; and the wind went humming—humming, up and down the sides it flew, and through the reed-like, hollow neck the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the querest strains to me. "They tell me—puny conquerors!" The Plague has slain his ten, and War his hundred thousands of the very best of men; but I, "was thus the bottle spoke, "but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye fronts and maidens all, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirit up! that puts to shame the conquerors that stay their scores below, for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of wo. Tho' in the path of battle, darkest waves of blood may roll; yet while I killed the body, I have damn'd the very soul. The cholera, the plague, the sword, such ruin never wrought, as I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road of Death."

A CAUSTIC HIT.—Piron, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night, in the streets of Paris, was carried on the following morning, before a lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession. "I am a poet, sir," said Piron. "Oh! a poet, are you?" said the magistrate. "I have a brother who is a poet." "Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."

MEEKNESS.—We once heard of a poor boy about 18, who fell in love with a "strong-minded" widow, aged about thirty-five. He was in a bad way, and did not understand "widowers," but "hung around" so much as to attract the notice and contempt of his idol. Getting desperate and hearing the widow was sick, he mustered his courage, went down to the house, and offered to "watch with her." Her eyes flashed, she jumped up, looked at him, and said with a awful distinctness—

"Jem, tell your mother if she don't keep you at home, I'll hurt you!"

Jem arose, went to her "dogeprate," which hung over the mantel-piece, kissed it, dropped two tears on the cat's back, made up an awful face—and left. Hasn't been there since.—*Clinton Courier.*

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb that "a soft word turns away wrath," says that "it is better to speak parabolical of a person than to be all the time flinging epithets at him, for no good never comes to body that never speak no good of no one."

The Last Fly of Summer.

'Tis the last fly of summer,
Let buzzing alone;
All its black-legged companions
Are either up or gone.
None of its kindred—
No blue-bottle's night,
To sport 'round the sugars,
Or in the milk die.

I'll not do them, thou lone one,
A victim to be;
Since the rest are all vanished,
Come dine with me;
Thus kindly I scatter
Some crumbs of my bread,
Where they mate on the table
Lie withered and dead.

But soon you will perish,
I'm sadly afraid,
For the glass is at sixty
Just now in the shade.
When was there all vanished,
And blue-bottles flown,
This bleak world alone.

An Ordinance.

AT A MEETING of the Board of Trustees of Bardstown, on this day, November 21st, 1852, it is ordered that any person or persons who shall sell or give any fire-crackers or torpedoes in Bardstown, shall forfeit and pay the sum of not less than One Dollar nor more than Fifteen Dollars, to be re-avered as other fines and forfeitures are recovered by the laws of said Town. The foregoing Ordinance shall be in force from and after the 12th day of November, 1852.

JOSEPH HART, Chairman
November 11th, 1852.—31.

PLASTERING.

I AM now permanently situated in Bardstown and keep constantly on hand material prepared for the Plastering business, and will execute jobs at the shortest notice, may 5 '53-1f R. P. FOWLER.

Miscellaneous.

CIRCULAR OF THE

BARDSTOWN FEMALE ACADEMY.

THE next Session of this Institution will open, as usual, on the First Monday of September, and continue through two consecutive Terms of Twenty weeks.

The Course of Instruction is liberal and thorough; Teachers in the several Departments are of the first character; the Discipline is as Home-like as it can be; and the accommodations, in respect to the Rooms, Board, &c. are extensive and good.—The Course of Instruction is liberal and thorough; Teachers in the several Departments are of the first character; the Discipline is as Home-like as it can be; and the accommodations, in respect to the Rooms, Board, &c. are extensive and good.—

Another Scientific Wonder!

CHEAT CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA!

DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S

'Patent Medicines.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC

OR NERVOUS DEBILITY,

KIDNEYS,

and all

diseases arising

from a disordered Liver and Sto-

mach, such as Constipa-

tion, in-ward Piles, Fullness or

Blood to the Head, Acidity of the

Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, disgus-

for Food, Fullness, or weight in the

Stomach, Sour Eructations,

Sinking or Fluttering at the

Pit of the Stomach,

Swelling of the

Head, Hur-

ried and

Diff.

Extra Course.

Instruction on Harp, with use Instrument, \$30.00

do Flute, \$20.00

do Guiar, \$16.00

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